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The Woe of a Stove

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The Woe of a Stove

Amy Davila

I see the way you look at him
while he warms your leftovers.
Your eyes wide with anticipation.

Every time he so much as beeps,
you run to him.

Pathetic.

Hi,
Remember me?
I used to be your Go-to-Guy.
Apparently, he's got that title now.

Who used to warm your soup?
I did.
Who used to help you make Mac-N-Cheese?
Me.

But now,
"My hot chocolate's not hot enough,"
in the microwave it goes.
Oh, need to pop some popcorn?
Apparently, he's a pro at that.
Especially with his
stupid,
yet
undeniably nifty 'popcorn' button...

You know what?
I'm tired.
Tired of it all.

I hate the noise he makes
every time you press a number.
I hate the way that glass plate spins.
Round
and
round.

He can't

The Woe of a Stove (cont'd)

Amy Davila

even make
those bubbles when he reaches a boil!
What is that?

I've been here way before he was even thought of.
I've got seniority.

But fine.
Go ahead.
Keep on doing what you're doing.
One day, you'll come running back.

Maybe his door doesn't shut,
or open.
Maybe the buttons don't work.
Maybe one morning,
before putting your oatmeal in the microwave,
you'll turn and
see me.
Then realize,
that it's me that you need.

I'm all that you've ever needed.

But, what do I know?
I'm just a stove.